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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE NEW AGE.

When navies are forgotten,
  And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
  Beneath the eagle's wings,

When memory of battles
  At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
  And creeds have found one fold,

When the hand that sprinkles midnight
  With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
  Of sects and swords and guns,

Then hate's last note of discord
  In all God's world shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
  In the victory which is peace!

—Frederic Laurence Knowles.

Pacific Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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INFINITE POSSIBILITIES.

"The urge, the urge, the persistent urge!" exclaimed Whitman.

Writing on the evolutionary process an eminent scientist says: "The whole line of ascent from amoeba to man may be regarded on the human line of evolution. Somewhere, always keeping in the center of the line, was a life impulse, leading straight to man."

But still the process goes on. "Thou hast made us for thyself, and unquiet is our heart until it rests in Thee," said Augustine. There is a spiritual evolution. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," said Christ. And the words of the Apostle John were: "Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be." There are infinite possibilities here! That modern seer, Walt Whitman, wrote:

"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be."

"Our rendezvous is fitly appointed. God will be there and wait till we come!"

"I tramp a perpetual journey. There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage."

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill and looked at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit, When we become the enfolders of those orbs and the pleasure and knowledge of every thing in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?
And my spirit said, No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond."

THE VOICE OF ONE WHO LOVES THE COLONEL.

Last Sunday evening the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, reveiwed the many utterances he had heard recently on Peace and War—those of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt, Dr. Aked and Dr. Jordan. Mr. Palmer stated in the opening of his address that he loved the Colonel, that he had voted for him and intimated that he would again if opportunity were offered, and after that affectionate pronunciamento proceeded to such a demolition of the Colonel's Exposition war speech as to cause many of his hearers to wonder what worthy leadership there could be in a man so much at fault on one of the most vital questions of the day as Mr. Palmer's analysis of the Colonel's speech showed him to be.

Although in a strait betwixt two for a time, anxious to say the needed thing, to say it decisively and yet tenderly, Mr. Palmer in a few minutes got his word batteries into good working order and the doughty colonel's speech looked soon as if it had been shot through with several tons of shrapnel.

"Oh the pity of it," said Mr. Palmer in the course of his address, "that Roosevelt didn't rise to the occasion there in the great Court of the Universe and say what ought to have been said."

"Roosevelt stood in the Court of the Universe, with the nations of the East and the West marching in; he dealt with the greatest of all problems, that of war and peace, and he offered us no solution."

Dealing with Roosevelt's so-called "solution", Mr. Palmer said it was that of the big stick, that he stood there in the Court of the Universe with that in his hand and offered naught but that. "Mr. Bryan, Drs. Jordan and Aked preach something bigger and finer than that."

As to this militaristic suggestion, Mr. Palmer said: "The drawbacks to it are that there would be no apparent end to armament of the races. The bigger army we would have, the bigger one the other nations would secure. If we built a big navy, the other nations would strive to build a bigger one. If we go in the woods after a big stick, others will go after a bigger one. There would be no end of such a policy except ultimate moral and financial bankruptcy. The nations of Europe have been following this policy for forty years."

When he came to a consideration of the treaties that are so vehemently denounced by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Palmer declared, the Colonel to the countrary notwithstanding, that the enactment of these treaties was "the greatest thing in recent history," and that Roosevelt to be consistent should go back to the old-time law of blood revenge.

Further as to those treaties, Mr. Palmer declared that Roosevelt seemed not to understand them, that they were not arbitration treaties, but such as to afford a cooling off time, meant to bring about an impartial investigation of any differences between the nations, and thus a mighty barrier to war.

Mr. Palmer was careful to make it evident that he was not in favor of national disarmament. He did not accept the Tolstoian position that war is never to be resorted to nor sanctioned. And he declared that "it would be suicidal not to have some preparation." "An army and navy is as necessary as a police force. We propose to keep from the terrible problem of militarism by being underarmed instead of overarmed. It has been the policy of America thus far to be underarmed. By so doing we do not enter the armament race with other nations."

Emphasis was laid on Dr. Sidney Gulick's suggestion that for every dollar the United States puts into armaments it spend an additional dollar to promote international goodwill—such good will as runs through the indemnity fund our government gave back to China and which through the education of young Chinese is now laying strong foundations for the uplift of that race and the welding of our nation and theirs together in the bonds of brotherhood.

Mr. Palmer made a strong point when he pictured graphically the danger confronting us as a nation if we entered the mad race for armaments and so led on to the same the swarming millions of Asiatics surely destined to considerable dominance in the not distant future.

The many hundereds of people who sat in Plymouth Church Sunday night must have gone away profoundly impressed with the thought that all they who seek to lead

us as a nation into the armament race are blind as to the past and reckless of the future.

Roosevelt did not win the people of the Pacific Coast by his militaristic utterances. It was noticable that when in the Court of the Universe he got off such remarks as "no nation ever amounted to anything if its sons did not have the fighting edge," the applause came mainly from the army and navy men who were in attendance in large numbers. Very suggestive, this, of the great danger to a nation of an immense number of men trained for war. Many of them will be restless if kept back from some use of their training, from showing what they can do, and the urge will be strong to plunge in precipitately.

Roosevelt is perhaps our most powerful militaristic advocate. He came and went; he cast his shining lance, but it was not given to him to say "Veni, Vidi, Vici"—I came, I saw, I conquered.

We have heard the best that could be said for war and mighty equipment for war and "peace with its large and lilied calms" has an added beauty and our minds center more firmly than ever before in the words of our great poet Longfellow:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift its hands against a brother,
On its forehead would wear forever the curse of Cain."

"ENGLAND ON THE WITNESS STAND."

The caption of this article forms the title of a pamphlet of 112 pages which contains some startling articles with reference to the responsibility of England for the European war—all written by Englishmen. Among the articles are these: "England Self-Revealed"; "How the War Came"; "Britain and the War"; "A Study in Diplomacy"; "Is Britain Blameless"; "Why We Are at War"; "Is Germany Right and Britain Wrong?" "New Light on the Causes of the War."

The latter is by the Rev. F. C. Conybeare, D.D., LL.D., one of the most eminent of British theologians. Dr. Conybeare states that for several months he thought that England had all the right on her side and Germany all the wrong, but that new light came to him late last year. Now he declares of Sir Edward Grey, "He tricked us into war," and "take my word for it Grey will in good time be running for his life over this sinister business."

Mr. Clifford Allen's statements, under the caption, "Is Germany Right and Britain Wrong?" are from a speech made by him. He considers Germany's geographical and political positions, and concludes: "I tell you we have forced the violation of Belgian neutrality by our own policy. I tell you that we cannot pose as the upholders of the morality of nations. I tell you we are in this war for our own interest, and that that interest is dictated by the capitalistic conception of society and imperialism has dominated those who rule us. It is geography that dictates the policy of nations."

Mr. Allen in the course of his speech said: "Remember that there is a military caste in every nation, but it can secure a position of predominance only if it is provided with the right kind of geographical and political environment. We have helped to give it its chance in Germany. We have branded her whole national life with a military spirit; her only defense was one of aggressive preparation—and where better could she learn that spirit than from the empire on which the sun never sets?" Mr. Allen arraigns the capitalistic conception of property and society, as responsible, saying in that connection: "It has so ordered the world that it is not elastic; there is no room for change; all the best of the world is appropriated, and being capitalists we stick to our property. . . . We are in possession, therefore we believe in the status quo. No change, because no advantage for us!"

Another of the articles is a letter which was first published in an English paper last October. It is by E. D. Morel who says in one paragraph: "The blood of our gallant sons is poured out today as the immediate consequence of the outrage committed upon Belgium. But the time will come when the country will ask of those in authority the question: 'What did you do to prevent that outrage?' For my part I put that question now, and I find the answer in an autocratic and secret foreign policy to which I have been consistently opposed, and which I intend to help in rooting out of our national life."

In an article quoted from the "Labor Leader," a British publication, we find this statement: "The records of the negotiations show that every country except Russia strove for peace; and that but for the alliances and the treaty obligations war would never have broken out at all."

J. Ramsey MacDonald, a member of Parliament, writing on "Why We Are at War," says: "The country had been so helplessly committed to fight for France and Russia that Sir Edward Grey had to refuse point blank every overture made by Germany to keep us out of the conflict. That is why, when reporting the negotiations to the House of Commons, he found it impossible to tell the whole truth and to put impartially what he chose to tell us."

Mr. MacDonald writes further: "That Sir Edward Grey should have striven for European peace and then when he failed that he should have striven with equal determination to embroil Great Britain seems contradictory. But it is not, and the explanation of why it is not is the justification of those of us who for the last eight years have regarded Sir Edward Grey as a menace to the peace of Europe and his policy as a misfortune to our country."

On the 25th of January there was a debate under the auspices of the Manchester University Fabian Society between Mr. A. F. Brockway, editor of the Manchester Labor Leader, and Prof. Ramsey Muir. Mr. Brockway's speech appears in this pamphlet under the caption "Is Britain Blameless?" Mr. Brockway says: "Even pacifists and anti-militarists have been led not merely to acquiesce in but to advocate the prosecution of this war on the ground that it is being fought, on the side of the Allies, to end war, to overthrow militarism, and to vindicate the rights of small peoples. Our poet laureate, Dr. Bridges, has even gone so far as to declare that it is a war of Christ against the devil. Well, I hope the optimists may prove right. I hope this war will end war, will overthrow militarism, will establish on a permanent basis the rights of small peoples. I hope so. But, one thing is certain: 'This war will accomplish none of these things if either side assumes the perfection of Christ for itself and presumes the perfidy of the devil for its enemy. If each nation remains conscious of the failings of other nations only, the condition of Europe will be no whit better at the end of the war than it is today.

"I sometimes envy the man who is satisfied by the popular assurance that Germany alone is evil, that Germany alone is responsible for this war, that Germany alone has outraged morality and international law since the war began. His is such an easy, simple faith. It demands so little thought; every decision is ready-made, cut and dried,

complete. But alas! the least knowledge of foreign relations makes that faith impossible. . . . Suppose we grant for the moment that Germany was chiefly responsible for dropping into the European powder-magazine the spark which at last caused it to explode with such terrible effect (though I should be dishonest if I did not add that personally I believe Russia was equally responsible). Can we lay on that action the entire responsibility for what has occurred? Must we not ask rather who contributed the ingredients of Imperialism, of provocative foreign policies? . . . We have heard much of Germany's contribution to the powder-magazine. I am afraid we shall hear much after the war of Russia's contribution. Tonight I want to consider Britain's contribution,—and France's is inseparably connected with it. Unless we are prepared to recognize our own share of guilt we have no right to expect others to recognize theirs." Mr. Brockway entered then into that consideration and his words in conclusion were: "It is impossible for me to overlook the fact that the foreign policy of the British government cannot be acquitted of its share for occasioning the war, nor can I suppress the voice within which says that had that policy been different the war and the consequent devastation of Belgium might have been averted."

This pamphlet was compiled by Frederick F. Schrader, and may be had of "Fatherland" at 1123 Broadway, New York City, for 15 cents, postpaid. The compiler says in an introductory note:

"We present the Anglo-German case as tried by a jury of Englishmen, without taking editorial liberties with certain opinions and expressions censuring Germany and Austria-Hungary, for which an irrepressible national bias must charitably be held responsible. We leave it to the American people who read it to render judgment."

The compiler does however make this brief comment: "We have yet to see a New York paper printed in the English language manifesting a spirit of fair play half way comparable with the impartial presentment of the case which characterizes the English writers and speakers herein quoted."

Persons who read this should bear in mind that there are voiced in this pamphlet the opinions of only a few of the English people. The large majority hold that their nation is blameless. It would be interesting if one could read the minds of the British people and accurately measure their judgment as to the war. Of course many make no declaration, realizing that to do so would be futile and would only bring down upon them the wrath of their countrymen.

At the time of our Civil War, Richard Cobden, that great British statesman, who was so reviled in his own country because of his opposition to the Crimean war, wrote:

"It is no use to argue as to what is the origin of the war, and no use whatever to advise the disputants. From the moment the first shot is fired or the first blow struck in a dispute, then farewell to all reason and argument. You might as well reason with mad dogs as with men when they have begun to spill each other's blood in mortal combat. I was so convinced of this fact during the Crimean war; I was so convinced of the utter uselessness of raising one's voice in opposition to war when it has once begun that I made up my mind that so long as I was in political life, should a war again break out between England and a great Power, I would never open my mouth upon the subject from the time the first gun was fired until the peace was made."

THE OVERLAND JOURNEY.

The Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong, pastor of Queen Anne Congregational Church, Seattle, preached recently on the theme, "The Overland Journey Between Two Oceans." The text was: "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. xxii., 14. He said in part:

God has on this American continent carved a gigantic "Pilgrim's Progress." Our continent is a parable of the overland journey of Life between two eternities—from our rising out of the ocean of the East to our passing into the ocean of eternity in the West.

When one takes the overland journey from New York to the Coast, his train first creeps out of the great Central station, moves along the Hudson or the Delaware westward to the Great Lakes, down into the valley of the Mississippi, up again over the tablelands of Iowa and Nebraska or Minnesota and Dakota, climbing the Rockies and at last dropping swiftly down the slope into the valleys along the Western Coast.

This is the parable: We live on a continent bounded by two shoreless oceans. Life is a journey between these oceans. We come from out one ocean of eternity and pass into another ocean of eternity. The course of life, as the course of empire, is ever onward toward the Golden West where the sun sets.

The journey across the continent is broken into four great time belts, the Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific. So it is with life—childhood, youth, middle age and old age.

The journey acroos the continent is marked by three "divides"—that is "water-sheds," with their ascents and descents; the Alleghanies, the Rockies and the Cascades. So it is with life. There is first the joyful progress of youth, followed by the long period of toil in the common valley-country; and then the arduous upward climbing of later manhood, with the sharp-descending slope of old age.

The journey across the continent may be broken into three periods—first, from the Eastern Coast to the Great River, the period of youth, the time of glorious opportunities, of quiet scenes, of gentle slopes and smiling vineyards, of increasing activity and labor; second, from the Great River across the long stretches of prairie, into the cold mountain ranges, through sagebrush and dark canyons, over trackless wastes, when earlier joys and comforts are recalled—the period of manhood, of mountains and views and sagebrush and gold mines; third, from the mountains to the Western sea, the period of old age, when the fields are either sweet with flowers and radiant with luscious fruit, or barren with sage and sand.

The traveler across the continent must sooner or later get on a trunk line. It is noteworthy that nearly all the trunk lines start before the great prairie belts are reached. No trunk lines begin after the prairies are passed. There are no trunk lines in the journey of life after the period of manhood. Unless one turns his face toward the Golden West in the days of his youth; unless in those early days he gets on a main line, rarely does he make the journey over the mountains.

It often happens that the traveler does not reach the Golden Gate either because he refuses to progress or be-

cause he turns southward to the tropics or northward toward everlasting snow. Listen to the parable. Here is a young man, a traveler on life's journey, rejoicing in his strength. He has made a fair start when he hears four voices. One voice—the voice of Faith—speaks to him of the long prairie of toil, of the steep mountain climbs, but of the Golden West on Eternity's shores. A second voice, the voice of Sloth, says to him, "Stay here, let others press on to unknown dangers, take your ease." A third voice, the voice of Pleasure, says to him, "Turn to the Southland, where the birds sing and the flowers bloom and all is safety—the land of fire and red bloom and passion;" but it is the land where the snake and the crocodile flourish, where man's energies are sapped. A fourth voice, the voice of Scepticism, says, "Turn northward, where the air is clearer, where reason reigns," but it is the land where men freeze.

What must be the response of the life's traveler? This must be his response: "On, on, stay not in idleness and sloth; turn neither to the right hand, where icebergs and increasing barrenness lie in wait; nor to the left hand, where tropic heat scorches and dries up the soul of manhood"—but on, though it be to face long climbs and frightful precipices; on through toil and danger so as to "enter through the gates into the city."

Life's traveler starts across the continent from one ocean to the other ocean; God sends him forth and God stands at the gate and waits. God is the builder and owner of the highway. Let the imagination work a little. Christ is the Master Mechanic. The Holy Spirit is the Train Dispatcher. The Bible is the book of signals and rules. The right road is the plan according to Jesus. He worked it out. He went over the continent and surveyed and tried every grade and crossing. He bridged the rivers. He climbed and tunneled the mountains. His way is the way of life. Others before Him—the prophets and good men of all ages—had, as scouts and pioneers, gone over the way; but He confirmed and tested and made plain this highway of life for all men. His way is the way of God.

COMMENT ON THE RETURN OF BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

A writer who signs himself "H. N. B." comments as follows in The Christian Register, on the return to the church of the Rev. B. Fay Mills:

"The Herald of Gospel Liberty, for July 8, contains a statement by Rev. B. Fay Mills, giving account of his mental and spiritual journeying in search of a way of life. It is an exceedingly intesting though somewhat incoherent document, and will well repay some careful study. The editor of the paper in which it is printed calls it a 'sign of the times'. Perhaps it is this in more ways than the editor quite undersands. All he sees, apparently, is that a sometime heretic has now returned to the ancient fold. But that the wanderer has come back a far different kind of being, and that the orthodoxy which he now represents, though it may wear the old dress, has acquired a new mind and spirit, are facts of much deeper import. Mr. Mills is not now orthodox, as tried by standards that would have been applied when his career began; and his return to the use of some phrases which he for a time abandoned seems no great matter, as compared with the new meanings which he has brought back to put into them.

"He tells us of his rediscovery of the fact that this is a 'lost world, where all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; helpless and hopeless save through some demonstration in history of an essential redemption and salvation.' A good many people are saying much the same thing, without reference to any assumed vicarious atonement. But how did Mr. Mills come to lose his feeling that this is a lost world, since that was so vital a part of the creed in which he was brought up? How did he get hold of the optimistic expectation of which he speaks that the whole earth might be regenerated 'day after tomorrow'? This is one of the gaps in the story left unbridged. He says he left his evangelistic work, first, because he "came to conceive of Christ as the Saviour of the social organization rather than of individuals."

"May we not infer, then, that he was carried away from his old moorings largely by the power of that tide of mechanistic thought which ran so strong about that time? When the world is conceived of as a machine it is easy to think that its arrangements can be so amended or adjusted as to yield a vastly improved product. The alluring prospect of salvation by wholesale is then opened up to the mind, and a new social organization promises to lead the way to something like a millennium.

"These dreams may seem to have had a scientific origin, and to have arisen out of the idea of the world as governed by natural law; but they are quite as much a product of the old theology. The old thought of divine sovereignty had a thorougly mechanistic cast, and minds that were trained under it were more than ready for such a gospel as State Socialism has come to bring. That foreordained world in which Calvinists believed was, in effect, a machine and not much else besides. The first man may have been in some true sense a person, but through his transgression personal freedom was lost. He and all his progeny were thereby so sold in bondage to sin that they were utterly incapable of taking any part in working out their own salvation.

"That Calvinistic world was one in which the great and inspiring fact of personality had been well nigh lost out of sight altogether. The step from that to the mechanism of science was an easy transition. What Mr. Mills appears to have been finally converted from is that whole mechanistic scheme of things, so far at least as humanity is concerned. He has grown back into a world dominated by and filled with the supreme might and meaning of personalism. That is a very notable conversion, and is so important that minor shades of doctrine scarcely count.

"If he is happier and clearer in his mind, putting his thought into words and phrases which the old theology employed, there is no reason why Unitarians should be displeased to have him thus content. They are not likely to hold much quarrel with such an orthodoxy as he has now espoused, and they would be glad enough to see that prevail, whatever came of the movement called by their name. There is some question as to how far he ever understood what Unitarianism is. It is quite possible that he brought into his fellowship his own half-developed thought, and labelled that with the name of the people with whom he temporarily found shelter. Such things have been known to occur. At all events we sincerely trust that he has now reached his true spiritual home, and that his unusual talents will there find a fuller, freer exercise."

Mind your own business, and eventually you will have a business of your own to mind.

"IN GOD'S OUT OF DOORS."

The Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach has been preaching a series of sermons on "In God's Out-of-Doors." We give in part the one on

The Forest.

To a far greater extent than we realize are we all children of Mother Nature. We sprang from er bosom and inherit vastly more than we ever dreamed of her wisdom, and to her all that is mortal of us will return. And so intimate is the relation between her soul and ours that she indeed "speaks to us a various language," and our every mood is met and answered by her mysterious and mighty sympathy. The nearer we live to Nature, the more we love her,—the saner, stronger, finer we become in body, mind and soul. To live apart from nature is to become anaemic, powerless, artificial, atrophied in our physical, emotional and intellectual life. Perhaps no better illustration of devitalizing effect of the divorce from Nature is to be found than in the course of English poetry before Wordsworth. The flowery mead, the feathered choir, the whispering trees, the babbling brook, the vasty deep,—all these were figures as unreal and conventionalized as Chinese art. Wordsworth, Byron, Shelly, Tennyson,—wtih these a new day dawned for our poetry,—and these bards who had learned to love Nature sang of her glories and her beauty in "notes almost divine," and something of the majesty, the sublimity, the strength, the unearthly loveliness of Nature speaks through their strains and makes their verse immortal. For they knew that:—

"The meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The great deeps of the soul of man are only stirred in the presence of nature, and both in poetry and in life the sources of inspiration and power are hers. For back of and behind Nature stands God, and the words that Nature speaks to us are in truth from Him in whose image we are made.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things: all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

It is the need of the soul then that drives us out from the haunts of men into the wide spaces; to forest and stream, to mountain and sea; for it is there that we hold converse with God, and it is there that he speaks most clearly to our souls his words of peace and power and love. In this feverish, restless age when the tides of life are sweeping city-ward, when the dust and din of the market-place shut out the sight and sound of the higher things, when the problems of life weigh upon our souls and we walk with our eyes upon the ground, let us leave behind us the press of cities and the rush of men—and in the cool depths of the forest, by the banks of the murmuring stream, on the lofty mountain peak or by the infinite ocean —seek in God's Out of Doors and find healing, peace, content, rest, new power of heart and mind. Let us make our own the spirit of that noble prayer by a modern lover of Nature:—

"Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above the starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodland dim with many a dream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air."

Not the least of those great works created of the God of Nature to delight the eye and enrich the soul is The Forest. The stately elm, the sturdy oak, the graceful maple, the towering pine—all these with their pillared trunks, their crown of green foliage, their fragrance and beauty—seem indeed God's best gift to man. * * *

It would be impossible to measure the influence of the forest on the mind and life of man. It was amid its shades that humanity first groped its way to the light. Scientists tell us that our remotest ancestors were dwellers in he trees; and in that twilight of history the scenes and sounds of that forest life entered into the soul of humanity never to be lost. Strange fears that seem instinctive and inexplicable like the fear of serpents, of wind, of falling; inborn propensity of childhood to climb, amounting to a passion; the swaying rythm with the chanted "Rock a bye baby in the tree-top" by which babies are sent into slumberland—all these are survivals in humanity of those uncounted years of arboreal life. More subtle but no less real are the spiritual reactions and reflexes in the presence of the forest. Stand in the dim light of a great forest where the sunlight filters in a golden patchwork on the fragrant leaves, where the rustle of the foliage is the only sound that falls upon the ear, and thoughts, feelings, instincts, moods,—fleeting and intangible, deeper than language can convey, hold you in a trance-like state that is akin to ecstasy. It is not the experience of your individual soul, it is the response of that racial soul within you that has come down through the centuries rich with the memories of a thousand primeval forests, that lifts you out of yourself into the realm of awe and mystery.

Small wonder that the forest has left its more tangible traces in human thought and life. It was amid its shadows that music had its birth, and the rustle of its myriad leaves, the voice of its feathered songsters, the roar of the wind in the treetops,—all these find expression in the world's greatest music. Now and then some great artist pays tribute to the source of musical beauty by imitating the music of the forest as did Wagner in Siegfried. Poetry has found its noblest inspiration in the quiet hush of the forest aisles—

"Where meeting boughs and interlacing leaves,
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path."

Homer's graceful lines were penned beneath the elms of Attica. Sophocles from the shades of the gloomy cypress saw the shadow of tragedy fall athwart human life; it was under the English oaks that Shakespeare wove the spells of his "Midsummer Nights Dream," and Wordsworth and Shelley, Keats and Byron,Browning and Tennyson, all found in the forest that which gave lilt and swing, power and beauty to their choicest songs.

And architecture, too, owes its noblest inspiration to the forest. Where did Michael Angelo first see that mighty dome of Rome's greatest cathedral but in the over-arching branches of the great forest? And the pillared colonnade of Karnak and Thebes, of the Parthenon and

the Theseum, what are these but feeble imitations by men of those majestic naves and temples of elm and pine which God has reared to the glory of His name? All human achievement in art and music, poetry and building, owes more than it can ever repay to the sights and sounds of the woods and groves. Even the Bible opens in a garden and closes with the vision of that heavenly place whose crystal river is bordered by the perennial green of the tree of life; and the oak of Mamre, the terebinth of Moreh, the cedars of Lebanon, the olives of Gethsemane,—all these are associated with the most sacred scenes of that ancient time.

But religion more than all else owes much to forest scenes and surroundings. The first altars of the race were raised amid the solemn shadows of the forest, the first rude hyms were sung to the accompaniment of its rustling leaves. Nearly every early race had its sacred trees or groves. Spirits live among their branches. God may be incarnate in trees or make a theophany in some burning bush. The glorified totemic world trees, the Norse Yggdrasil, the Mohammedan Tooba, the Persian Haoma,—are all of immense proportions; their roots hold the earth together; are watered by mystic rivers; their branches bear the stars as fruit and to climb them is the way to heaven. Survivals of the mystic exaltation of the tree are found in the May pole and the Christmas tree. The myths of Daphne, the oracles of Dodona, the Druid cults, the story of the Golden Bough, the fauns and elves and dryads,—all these are familiar evidences in mythology and popular belief of the profound and mighty influence of the forest on the religious thought of mankind.

It is in the forest then that you can stand face to face with God. It is there he loves to dwell and he still walks there in the cool of the day.

"As once in Eden's love-lit fruitful bowers
Ere sin's dark blight mildewed its thornless flowers,
God's welcome voice was heard among the trees,
So let our hearts, as sunsets bathing breeze
Toys with the tresses of the maple grove,
Catch whisperings of heaven's own peace and love."

In the hush and mystery of its sylvan retreats is the very temple of the religion of the heart. The voices of the wood chant hymns of praise to His name. The bitter-sweet fragrance of fallen leaves is the incense of Nature's worship. And amid its hush and peace one can enter into communion and fellowship with his Maker while over his soul sweep awe, reverence, ineffable peace. It is the refuge of the burdened heart, the retreat of the troubled soul. Even the Christ sought its twilight depths in the hour of his soul's Gethsemane.

"Into the woods, my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him
The little gray leaves, they were kind to him.
The thorn tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came."

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame,
When death and shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they draw him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods he came."

THE SECRETARY OF THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT ACCEPTS CALL TO WOOSTER COLLEGE.

Mr. J. Campbell White, who has labored so effectively for several years as secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and who resigns to accept the presidency of the College of Wooster, in Ohio, has issued the following statement:

To prevent so far as possible any misunderstanding of my decision to accept the call to the presidency of the College of Wooster, in view of the wonderful influence and opportunity of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, is my apology for venturing to give some reasons for the decision:

1. The first and great question in every such step must be: Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? The only answer that I have been able to get to this question,—and the answer has come in many forms,—has been to go. Into these manifold ways in which the will of God may be communicated to the human spirit, I shall not go here. Suffice it to say that there was a moral necessity that I could not evade, to accept the call. I mention it first in order that I may pass at once to some other considerations that may help to explain my action.

2. I believe that the Laymen's Missionary Movement has only begun to realize its possibilities, great and wonderful though its progress and results have already been. As a volunteer worker, I hope to help realize these larger possibilities, and expect to be able to do some things that perhaps I could not do so well even as an employed officer. It is well understood by all concerned that my relation to the National Missionary Campaign this winter remains practically unchanged. I intend to be present at as many conventions as anyone else will attend and assist in every possible way in what I expect to be the most remarkable series of religious conventions ever yet held.

3. I am not changing or lessening my central missionary purpose in any way by accepting this new responsibility. The only field is the world. And the Great Commission is the only commission. If these are the organizing priciples of one's life, he can carry them out in any position. And it may be that in the new circumstances I can voice these convictions quite as effectively as in the old.

4. In solving the missionary problem, the most important single factor is the missionary himself. Many men now on the field feel that they have not had proper preparation for their work. The same is true of many if not most of the pastors and other leaders at home. The place to remedy these weaknesses is in the colleges. Already Wooster is traing more Christian leaders than any other Presbyterian College in America, and she is capable of doing vastly more. We hope to be able to improve the quality of Christian leaders, not only for the ministry and mission field, but for every calling in life.

5. Fundamental to all this is a better method and a larger amount of Bible study by college students. By common consent, the Bible is the highest standard of English literature. For all the real business of living, no other book can compare with it in practical importance No one ought to graduate from a Christian college without a fair knowledge of the Bible as a whole, a thorough mastery of selected books, a method of study that can be followed for the rest of one's life, and the ability to teach the Bible interestingly and profitably to others. There is as much mental discipline in thorough Bible study as in the mastery of any other textbook, and no other book can

begin to furnish the moral and spiritual inspiration that the Bible contains. To discover and illustrate the proper place of the Bible in higher education is therefore one of the ambitions of the trustees and the administration of Wooster.

6. For twenty-five years I have been engaged in touching large numbers of people. And it is a privilege in which any one may properly rejoice. And I am not giving up the expectation of still reaching large numbers as a part of my work. But I am glad now to have the opportunity of much longer and deeper influence on the lives of a limited number of leaders who in turn are to have vast opportunity in the world. Christ spent much of his time with a few men, who were to catch his spirit and reproduce his life. "Character is caught, not taught," and it is communicated by contact.

7. In no section of the United States or Canada have we yet developed a satisfactory object-lesson of how to enlist the laymen of all the churches in the steady work of propagating Christianity. One of my hopes in taking up the work in Ohio is that there may be worked out the enormous reserve force in the layman of the Church.

Time alone can reveal how far these hopes can be realized. But my faith in God includes the conviction that He puts upon his workers increasing responsibility as they are able to bear it. And I can not doubt that He is now asking me to enter into the largest work for the whole that I have ever undertaken.

WHO EVER SAW THE MOTION OF THE EARTH?

J. Rowell.

I have seen it, and here is the story. When living at Panama, I went out early in the morning to take an ocean bath, on the beach east of the city. While standing there, the sun pushed its way above the horizon. The shore air was full of a haze denser than is ever seen in this climate —so dense that I could look on the sun without the least dazzle. But that dense haze magnified the sun enormously. To my eye, the sun, seen through a smoked glass, appears less than one foot in diameter, but the sun, as I now saw it, seemed four or five feet in diameter.

A curved line lay across its face as it rose, which I knew was our horizon. As I was looking out over the sea, no land irregularity prevented this curve from being perfect. Gazing at this curve, I was astonished at seeing it moving. Yes, it was visibly moving! I was seeing the motion of the earth! I suppose this horizon was about fifteen miles away, but the sun was so enormously large that the motion was actually visible to the naked eye. I said to myself, "I must be mistaken," but I surely was not. I watched that curve creep slowly down the face of the sun till it was gone. I had surely seen the axial motion of the earth!

I tried an experiment here in San Francisco. Walking on the street, when the moon was near its full, I saw one of our telegraph wires lying across its face. Remembering my experience at Panama, I tried very hard to see the motion of the earth, or moon, or both. But the effort was a failure. After gazing five minutes or more, I could see that the wire had changed its place, but I could see no motion. The moon was too small to permit it.

I am thinking that, perhaps, if our professor in charge of the great telescope on Mt. Hamilton would turn his instrument on the rising sun, he might possibly see, what I have certainly seen, the motion of the earth on its axis.

But I know that I have seen what very few persons in the life time of this world have seen, viz., the axial motion of the earth.

THE LIBERTY BELL AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

"Break the barrier, lift the barrier,
Raise the stone and cleave the wood;"
Singing with his pick and shovel,
At his ore the miner stood.

"Lift the barrier, raise the cast-gate;
Let the molten metal flow,"
Sang the workers at the bell-mold,
In the brazen metal-glow.

"Break the barriers," rang that clarion,
"Men are equal born"; proclaim
Liberty to all people,
Liberty in Heaven's name.

Break the barriers. Free from kingcraft
Let a nation regnant rise,
Born in freedom, lifting all men's
Rights to the impartial skies.

Break the barrier; cleave the barrier;
Sea from sea the land divides.
Burst the barrier. Look, the good ship
Through the opening proudly rides!

Bend the barrier till the ocean
Oceanward its water sends,
East and West at last united—
Hand clasp of long-sundered friends.

Break the barriers. Some who break them
With their strokes their lives bestow.
We accept their abnegation,
We accept and never know;

Never know how many dying
Do the things of which we boast,
Move our trains and fill our factories,
Mine our metals, guard our coast,

Build our cities, man our shipping;
Death the cost for all of these,
Heaviest for those who bravely
Joined for us the sundered seas.

Break the barriers, show new vistas;
Let the herald that began
Sounding Freedom's proclamation,
Ring the Brotherhood of Man.

—Laura B. Everett.

Never, for lucre or laurels
Or custom, though such should be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals
To measure the larger life!

—E. B. Browning.

THE NEZ PERCE INDIAN ANNUAL CAMP MEETING.

George H. Lee.

About seven miles southwest of Wollmer, Idaho, stands Mason's Butte. Near it is an enclosure of about fifty acres, which the Indians call Talmaks (from the pine trees,) and to which they resort by the hundreds to their annual encampment. A sign board over the entrance gate shows the ground to be the Presbyterian camp meeting ground of the Nez Perce Indians. About July 4th in they come, from all directions, for their ten days' meeting. It is wonderful to see them—fine specimens of stalwart manhood, gentle womanhood and happy childhood.

For eighteen years they have held this annual meeting. It begins four or five days before the Fourth, and lasts about as long after. They set up this observance to stem the tide of a false celebration that was threatening their people's welfare. The whiskey men made many Indians believe that the way to celebrate the Fourth, in order to be a good American, was by drunkeness, gambling, horse-racing and the wildest revelings.

Indian civilization was nearly wrecked this way; till at length a Christian camp and celebration were set up near the heathen orgies, and young and old were lovingly forbidden, on pain of being suspended from the church, from attending the heathen celebration. Years of toil and patiently-borne trials followed till finally the movement seemed strong enough to make a new and central location by itself and draw if possible all the Nez Perces there. At last from what I am able to gather the heathen celebration is so weakened that it is doubtful if they will attempt it another year.

The Talamak camp-ground is divided into two enclosures. Within the inner the great tent and tepees and other individual tents are set up. The outer enclosure is for the horses. Something like 100 of the individual tepees and tents were standing in the inner inclosure this year and about 1000 Indians attended. And on one or two of the three days, there were many visiting whites who came in buggies, automobiles and on foot or horse. They came bringing their lunches or prepared to get them at the little grocery and ice cream stands which enterprising white tradesmen have set up in the grounds. But no stand was open on either of the two Sabbaths during the encampment. From morning to evening on Sunday July 4th, not a sound of fire-cracker or other fire-works were heard in all the grounds though throngs of people were present.

The program opened on Saturday envening June 26th with a sermon by one of the Indian preachers, a gracious old man, at whose belt, in former years, hung 9 scalps as he looked for another. Ten scalps would make him a chief. But he is one of the chief pastors now, humble of demeanor and tender as he is dignified in manner. It is a delightful miracle to look upon. And how those quiet Indian women have been lifted out of wretchedness into christian womanhood! And how those well trained children wonder at the meaning of it all!

Every morning of the following days came the sunrise prayer meeting, attended by from 80 to 100, a meeting of deep interest and great value. All their songs they sing from memory and there are many such songs apparently. They are in the Nez Perce tongue, always sung standing, and with great zest. They are derived from our own church hymns, but in most cases are not recognizable in the weird chant-like manner of their singing. Yet such deep earnestness and delightful sincerity mark these and all their exercises as to make any criticism of the music impossible.

At 9:30 daily, came the Bible study hour led by Pastor Scafe, an eminent Bible student of Spokane. At 2:oo p. m. service, usually with sermon by one of the native ministers and similarly at the evening hour of 7:30 or 8:00. Games and band practice and recitals, cantata practice and public concert by the choir of 37 voices, and Independence Day orations and celebrations of a sensible and truly patriotic sort and the annual big dinner together on the last day of the encampment, were among the events that made these days delightful to all.

This year the weather was delightful and the entire exercises were conducted without anything to mar or interrupt the constant enjoyment. It is felt that this encampment is a source of comfort and uplift to all that region for miles round about, and many earnestly believe that should such an annual outing be established in every district of our dear country it would be a wonderful blessing to all.

CONGRESS OF REFORMS.

A Congress of Reforms will be held in San Francisco, August 16-20, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of California. An earnest request is made that each church shall appoint four representatives to this Congress and that each church organization shall appoint two representatives. The cause needs the presence and co-operation of the Christian home-loving men and women of this state. Place of meeting—Hall "A," Civic Center; Time of meetings (2 p. m.)—Monday August 16th, Tuesday, August 17th, Thursday, August 19th.; Time of meetings (8 p. m.)—Monday, 16th, Tuesday, 17, Wednesday, 18th, Thursday, 19th; Wednesday, August 18th, and Friday, August 20th, visiting Exposition.

Monday, the 16th, will be given to the discussion of the enforcement of the Red Light Abatement law. Reports that have been officially gathered in the different counties will be given. A personal investigation of vice conditions in San Francisco by Attorney Bascom Johnson of New York. District Attorney Cowan of Bakersfield, and District Attorney Woolwine and others will speak.

Tuesday, the 17th, will be "Peace Day." Speakers, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Harriet T. Thomas of Chicago, Executive Secretary of the Woman's Peace Party, Mrs. Robert C. Root and Mr. Kiyo Sue Inui, the Japanese orator, and Mr. Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian Ambassador to the United States.

Wednesday, the 18th, at 10:30 a. m., we will join with the I. O. G. T. and go to the Exposition, where Ex-Mayor George C. Cotterill will speak.

In the evening Hon. J. Stitt Wilson will speak on the Liquor Problem at the Civic Center.

Thursday evening there will be a Diamond Medal Contest with contestants from different parts of the state.

Music for the Congress will be provided by the Grace M. E. Church Choir of San Francisco.

Friday, August 20th, Congress of Reforms Day at the Exposition will be devoted to the study of the exhibits.

"Happy all they who see the wide, sunshiny spaces of blue sky above their heads and the grace of the wild flowers in the hedges instead of the dust and stones of the highway."

Among the Churches.

San Mateo.—Five persons united with the church at the August communion, making 32 accessions during the present pastorate of one and one-half years. During the pastor's vacation the pulpit was occupied one Sunday each by Rev. Harvey V. Miller, and Rev. J. Edwards, Spokane, Wash. At the Welsh Eisteddfod held last week in San Francisco Rev. J. Edwards was the successful competitor over 17 contestants on the prize essay entitled "The Unemployed," the prize being $250.

Redlands.—The pastor, Rev. Herbert A. Jump, preached recently to a congregation of more than two thousand persons gathered in the municipal open-air auditorium at an interdemoninational Sunday service. At his suggestion these open-air services were inaugurated a year ago and are now a fixture for the two summer months in the religious life of the city. Eight churches unite. A hundred autos were parked around the auditorium and contributed four hundred people to the congregation. The first service in the series was a patriotic demonstration by all the Sunday school children of the city, and was under the charge of the pastor of the Congregational church. Mr. Jump will spend part of his August vacation in the Kings River Canyon country and part in San Francisco.

Claremont.—On Sunday, July 25th, the Claremont church held a commissioning service, at which time Dr. Augusta A. Sassen for the Yale China Mission, Mr. Lloyd L. Lorbeer and Miss Elva A. Henry for Pasumalai, India, were given due recognition by the church. These young people are all graduates of Pomona College, and aside from Miss Henry, who is to become the wife of Mr. Lorbeer, members of the Claremont Church. Dr. Henry Kingman, who is enjoying a year's rest, came back for the occasion and gave the charge to the candidates. President James A. Blaisdell spoke for Pomona College, and Rev. William O. Wark, the acting pastor, spoke for the church. Dr. Sassen will be the first woman to join the staff of the Yale Hospital at Changsha. She is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania and hs hospital training in New York. Mr. Lorbeer has pursued graduate work in Union Theological seminary, taught in the public schools of California, and done notable work among boys. He will organize the normal department of the boys' school at Pasumalai.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams closes his work with the church at Palo Alto this week and returns to his home at Redlands.

The Rev. Dr. Matt. Hughes of Pasadena will preach in the evangelistic tabernacle this week and next, beginning on Thursday evening. The Rev. B. Fay Mills will begin on the 12th.

The large attendance at the services of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco these days may be measured somewhat by the statement that on Sunday, July 25th, the loose plate contributions, those exclusive of the envelope contributions, amounted to $416. In the morning the amount was $216; in the evening $195.

The annual meeting of the Northern California Congregational Conference will be held in the First Church of San Francisco on Thursday, August the 26th. There will be sessions this year for one day only and adjournment will be made so that all who wish may attend the meetings of the Religious Education Association which meets that week.

The Rev. Jonathan Edwards of Spokane, Washington, won the $250 prize for the best essay at the Welsh Eisteddfod, in San Francisco last week. The subject was "The Problem of the Unemployed." Among the eighteen contestants were several from Wales. Six of the essays were pronounced by the judges to be of great worth, but most to be commended of all was the one by Mr. Edwards. There were two prizes for Welsh poems on "Democracy and Abraham Lincoln." These were won by poets in Wales.

THE AMERICAN BOARD SECRETARY FOR THE PACIFIC COAST DISTRICT.

The Rev. Dr. Henry H. Kelsey, the recently appointed secretary of the American Board for the Pacific district, arrived in San Francisco Tuesday of this week to enter on that work. We welcome Dr. Kelsey to the Coast, and assure him that he will here find a church people ready to cooperate heartily in the furtherance of the missionary cause. In a letter sent out today to the pastors Dr. Kelsey says:

"While I shall try to be a faithful Secretary for the Board, I hope I may, in some measure, help in furthering the interests of the churches at home. Interest in Missions and spiritual energies in the churches develop together in interdependence. As soon as possible I hope to become acquainted, and shall welcome every opportunity to take hold and lift."

In this letter Secretary Kelsey calls attention to the meetings of the Laymen's Missionary Movement to be held on the Coast early next year and says in that connection:

"These conventions will afford the greatest opportunity to inspire and develop the men of our churches. We must do our utmost to get a strong delegation from each church within reach of these cities. This movement is interdenominational, and therefore mighty in its momentum and its inspiration. Large and abiding results are sure if we can get our men into it. The interest already expressed warrants the highest expectation."

A MISSIONARY FOR JAPAN COMMISSIONED IN PASADENA.

It was a most impressive service that was held on the morning of July 25th, when Miss Madeline Waterhouse received her commission as a missionary to Japan; and the large congregation was deeply moved as the farewell words were spoken to one who had grown up in their midst and who now publicly declared her consecration to the work of extending the kingdom in a foreign land.

Rev. Wm. Zumbro, president of our American College, Madura, India, delivered the sermon, taking his text from Rom. 1:16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek." In speaking of the missionary and his task, Dr. Zumbro emphasized the qualifications necessary for the worker on the foreign field, his discourse abounding in practical suggestion, wise counsel and inspirational cheer.

After the sermon, Mr. H. S. Herrick of Riverside, a

corporate member of the American Board, gave the commission for that body, and pastor J. H. Lash offered the tender, earnest prayer of consecration.

A salutation was feelingly given Miss Waterhouse by Mr. H. B. Jones, a layman of the church, showing the regard in which this young daughter of the church is held, after which a word of greeting was spoken by Mrs. E. B. Allen, representing the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, under whose auspices Miss Waterhouse goes.

Dr. Zumbro then closed the service with a greeting from the fellowship of missionaries, and Miss Waterhouse responded to the whole in a few gracious words.

Of unusually winsome personality and with splendid intellectual equipment, Miss Waterhouse gives promise of marked success in her chosen profession as teacher. She sails on the 31st for Tokio where she will spend some time in acquiring the language. L. M. A.

MRS. LUCY SHINN.

Niles Church and community has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Lucy Shinn which occurred July 12th at her beautiful country home in Niles. She had reached the advanced age of 89 years, and had been in delicate health most of her life, the last fifteen years of which had been spent in an invalid's chair with trained nurses and a devoted daughter, Dr. Milicent Shinn, in constant attendance.

Though physically extremely weak, her mind was keenly alive to all that went on in the outside world, and through those she loved, she kept in close touch with everything which was for the good of the Church and community and indeed the Christian world. She was a descendant of Pilgrim stock, and a long line of staunch Congregationalists. Her father and mother were among the little group of members who established the First Congregational Church in the west—at Jacksonville, Ill.

Mrs. Shinn came to Niles, California, with her husband in 1856 and here for 59 years she has lived. Mr. and Mrs. Shinn were charter members of the Niles Congregational Church and ever since the organization of the Ladies' Guild a—strong branch of the Niles church— Mrs. Shinn has been president or honorary president. Her hands were constantly busy making useful articles which were disposed of for the benefit of the Guild, and her pen was always writing loving messages to those who were ill or in trouble whom she could aid in any possible way.

She was one of the oldest subscribers and supporters of The Pacific. Her brother, J. W. Clarke, old Pacific readers will remember, was a warm friend and supporter of the Congregational College, now University of California, more than 50 years ago, and one of the earliest members of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

The funeral services were held under the pergola of the home. The friends gathered on a beautiful morning, with the vines full of blossoms and the birds singing overhead while she lay in her casket in the place where she often sat on warm days and there the simple service was held. Rev. C. L. Hyde, pastor of the Niles Church, had charge of the service and the Rev. F. Vernon Jones, for ten years her pastor, paid a warm tribute to her worth. Mr. Jones said in his remarks that she had wonderfully acquired the art of growing old gracefully and made herself in a peculiar way universally beloved. Then all wended their way through the orchard to the spot where lay her husband and two children. She had directed the planting of the English ivy along the walls around the little spot years before; and now when she herself was to be laid there one could hardly picture anything more beautiful for mortal remains than this ivy bower, with the great elm making a canopy overhead. Rev. E. D. Hale of Martinez offered the prayer at the grave.

It was a most beautiful and fitting ending to the dear gentle soul whom family and friends loved to call "Our dear lady," and which was expressive of her in every way. Three children are left, Mr. Charles Howard Shinn, now associated with the U. S. Department of Forestry; Mr. J. C. Shinn and Dr. Milicent Washburn Shinn of Niles.

F. V. J.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. JAMES R. KNODELL SKETCHED BY DR. DYOTT OF PORTLAND.

Funeral services for the Rev. J. R. Knodell were held in the First Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon, on Friday, July 16. Fourteen of the local Congregational clergymen occupied chairs on the platform. Rev. Wm. H. Meyer conducted the services, and Mrs. Harold Gilbert sang two of Mr. Knodell's favorite solos, while Miss Adele Dyott presided at the organ. Rev. George E. Paddack, D.D., Superintendent of Home Missions a Oregon, read the Scripture, and prayer was offered by the Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D.

Then Dr. Luther R. Dyott, pastor of the First Church, who delivered the funeral sermon, spoke as follows: "Essential goodness is abiding greatness. When a man is really good, he is truly great—being possessed of a twofold immortality of life. He triumphs over death, and leaves an immortal influence upon earth, while he enters the realm of life where death is never found, there to live, love and serve; there to enjoy the results and rewards of a well-spent life on earth, and to unfold the divine virtues and graces of the soul released from mortal limitations.

"Our brother Knodell was, and is, a great man because of his goodness. He was good for that which God sent him into this world to accomplish. He was born in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, in the year 1849. He had the unspeakably precious heritage of good birth and breeding. At the age of fourteen he was converted to God in a Presbyterian church in a country district called Glenelg. In the morning of his youth he acquired the good habits of a student, and applied himself to the study of Greek, Latin, English and history, often spending the night with Euclid. Then for a given period he taught school.

"Removing to 'the States' he married Miss Sarah C. Bollong on the sixteenth day of November, 1872, who proved to be his inspiration to even nobler endeavors in all manner of good. Cheerfully she shared his privations, hardships and sacrifices all through the remainder of his earthly life. He studied theology in the Chicago Seminary. Upon entering the ministry, he engaged in Home Missionary work in Wisconsin. Then more thoroughly preparing himself for the great work of his life, he accepted what was, in reality, his first regular pastorate in Eldora, Hardin County, Iowa. This was in the Spring of 1879. In May of that year he was ordained a minister of the Gospel. In February, 1882, he became pastor of the Church at Mason City. Here success attended his efforts, and his next pastorate was in Union City, Michigan. Again he was successful. His next field of labor was at Lake Linden, in the same State, where his labors were abundantly rewarded. Then he was called to San Bernardino, California, where he worked with characteristic faithfulness for three years, im-

proving the church edifice and increasing the membership. In April, 1897, he accepted an invitation to become pastor of the East Oakland Church. He was most happy in this pastorate, but the spirit of a reformer burned within him, and he devoted his splendid gifts to the work of the Anti-Saloon League in California. After two years in this important work, he returned to the pastorate; this time to serve our Church at Santa Cruz, California. Here he toiled with the same earnestness of soul for four years. From this field he removed to Everett, Washington, where he became the trust-worthy leader of his people in the erection of a church building costing $17.000.00. Again returning to California, he supplied different churches in the region of the San Francisco Bay. In 1907 he resumed his Anti-Saloon League work in California. Then followed what was probably the greatest work of his life as the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Oregon. This began in 1908. In three years he did more for Oregon than any man who has ever resided here. To him, more than any other human being, is due the credit of our State's being delivered from the curse of intemperance. Long as Prohibition shall remain here, which, please God, shall be forever, shall this imperishable monument to his memory remain.

"This, the greatest of all his work, was followed by a short pastorate in the Laurelwood Congregational Church, of Portland, where he was greatly beloved by the entire community.

"On the first day of October, 1914, he was called to the office of Associate Superintendent of Home Missions in Washington and Idaho, which office he held until the day of his triumph over death. Thus his life was spent in doing good. Like the Savior, whom he loved and served, he "went about doing good." Prominent among his virtues and graces were the following qualities of unusually high grade: First—Manliness. He was a Christian man of full-orb. Then came his tenderness of heart. With the strength of a moral giant, he combined the tenderness of the heart of a little child. Then was found conviction of the deepest sort. To intense conviction he related a superb kindliness of disposition. He compelled even his enemies to see that he was their best friend, and possessed the fine art of converting foes into friends. Then he had a sweet brotherliness of nature which made those who knew him best, love him the most. His sermons were filled with that clearness of thought which was pre-eminently characteristic of his fine mentality, and that richness of spirituality which breathed the inmost soul of the man who knew God, and that directness of the messenger on a mission for his Master. He was sturdily orthodox, but loving and kind toward those who saw truth from other viewpoints. In ministerial meetings he was always our big brother. Men could not stop merely to respect and revere him. They came nearer, and loved him. So did little children. He made friendship a sacred treasure.

"When his body failed, and the storms of life's winter smote this shepherd on the bleak hills of life, he came home to us with the snow making his locks white, and in the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Meyer his weary form rested. The whole community of Laurelwood tried, as best it could, to minister to him. Little children passed the door in reverent silence, and loving friends thought of him every day. Tender hands intercepted the thorns that might have pierced his brow. The shepherd put his hand in that of the Divine Shepherd and went through the valley, unafraid, with the other-world music in his redeemed soul. Great in life, triumphant in death, it must be well with his soul."

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

This conference learns with deep regret of the passing from us and from the activities of this present life of our dear friend, brother and working associate, Rev. J. R. Knodell.

Some of us had know of him while he was pastor of our First Church at Everett and how his earnest and patient endeavor brought unity and strength to that enterprise in the time of its weakness and later bringing them to a church home suitable to their needs and usefulness Failing health compelled him then to abandon the pastoral service he loved so well.

Recovering somewhat he gave his most efficient abilities to the work of the Anti-Saloon League in the State of Oregon with most eminent success.

When this conference was seeking the one suitable man for an Associate Superintendent for our State Missionary service he was elected, and although somewhat reluctant to undertake it he very heartily accepted and for the eight months he was permitted to serve he gave all the powers of his life, unselfishly, to the efficient strengthening of the churches. He was a noble man of God—like his Master he was ready and willing to sacrifice himself that he might bring men to know and love his Lord. The Master has now said "Well done. Come home."

Adopted unanimously by rising vote. Washington Congregational Conference, Seabeck, July 15, 1915.

ROBERT ELWELL, Scribe.

ANNUAL MEETING OF CALIFORNIA ORIENTAL MISSION.

In accordance with a vote of the Board of Directors, the adjourned Annual Meeting of the California Oriental Mission will be held in connection with the business session of the Northern California Congregational Conference on the afternoon of Thursday, August 26th.

Business to come before the meeting will be the election of president, secretary and five other directors, and action on a proposal to transfer all property now held by this corporation to the American Missionary Association in trust for the maintenance of work among Orientals.

GEO. W. HINMAN, Secretary.

THE MARKET-PLACE.

"Dear Lord," I said, "I cannot serve,
No quiet spot have I
From which to reach with tender hand
And draw the tempted nigh;

"No sheltered home is mine, wherein
To stay their wandering feet
Till faith and understanding love
Have made thy message sweet;

"I cannot go to seek them, Lord,
My days are filled with care,
The struggle of the market-place
Holds me forever there."

Then: "Ah," said He, "haste thou to serve!
Dost thou not see my grace?
My tempted ones are thronging thee—
Here in the market-place."

—Marion Mallette Thompson.

The Home.

Oh, restlessly
The gay sweet-pea
Nods on her slender stem;
For far up in the sunny skies
She sees the sailing butterflies,
And longs to go to them.

She wonders why
She must not fly,
Her warm heart's love to say.
Her pink and white and scarlet wings
Were surely made for better things
Than thus at home to stay!

—Margaret Deland.

HOME.

The wave of reaction and distorted individualism seems about to have reached its height. A crowd of insane ideas seem to have been let loose on the world. Sober minds are bewildered, and hardly know where to look for a stable foothold. It is like a great spring thaw after unwonted accumulations of snow and ice. Many profane words are spoken from the press and by word of mouth, not because they directly assail God and high heaven, but because they strike with virulence at the institutions held most sacred and secure, of the moral and social life.

The rage for tearing up by the roots, overturning, and destroying, has gone on with a kind of wild glee, as children laugh and shout in ruining fine books or precious objects. We have been told to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good, but the age is too impatient to prove the worth of things it would overturn by the use of smart aphorisms, and startling, if not shocking, attacks. What is there sacred about the word "home," that what it stands for should be honored and respected, when, for a certain class of people, it is a place to get away from as speedily as possible? What does it imply for many women but drudgery, hard and constant work, wearing care, and anxiety, and little pleasure; what to people unequally yoked but a life of discontent and miserable restraint?

There are all varieties of homes, and the poorest are deplorable enough; but, poor as they are, they have not destroyed the ideal that has been a guiding star to humanity since civilization began. From several directions the home is being assailed and derided. The homekeeper is called a narrow-minded, slow-witted, undeveloped being, who has abrogated her rights, or has never known them, and has settled into a domestic animal of tame and uninteresting qualities. The children, we hear, would be better nurtured and cared for in well-conducted institutions, free from parental mismanagement. Home cooking, we are told, is very bad. The poorest hotel can furnish viands more palatable than the domestic table. All this chatter and nonsense is a direct libel on thousands of happy homes, where a true union exists between husband and wife, the children are nurtured and trained in the only place where the best in them can be developed. The critics of the home are probably those who have suffered disillusion and disgust because they have never known how to secure the blessing of a good home for themselves; who are, in fact, failures in the finest of fine arts, and consequently turn to derision what they cannot attain.

According to these wise and inspired prophets, the time is coming when machinery will take the place of all domestic hand-labor, meals will be provided, the house will be cleaned and garnished without the oversight of the mistress, who will be free to spend her life abroad, agitating causes, originating new reforms, or uttering philippics against all things old and venerated. The social picture thus presented is of a nature to make the old and feeble thankful that life mainly lies behind them, instead of on the forward track. A homeless world, with an entire female population gathered in conventicles, and readjusting theoretically all the conditions of life, is enough to strike terror to the soul.

In those days the loved song, "Home, Sweet Home," would be banished from the domestic circle and the concert room, as of a too sickly sentimentality to be tolerated by vigorous intellects, and would cease to awaken gentle memories in the hearts of any but the hopelessly antiquated. Soon we might be told that the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments are out of date, and ought to give place to the latest ideas in sociology. The upheavals that exist in the brains of some fanatics and wild propagandists may grieve mature people of settled principles, but cannot shake their opinions supported by sound reason and common sense; but the effect may be more or less pernicious on the minds of the young, who see in such notions only restraints swept away, and the advocacy of unlimited license and emancipation gaining ground.

To have home making and keeping derided as drudgery, enslavement, and stultification of the mental powers, is to spread a pernicious falsehood. It has been the best training-school of humanity. It has developed the noblest men and women, and all efforts to break it up and substitute something better have proved abortive. The exepriments in communal living, the phalansteries and communities of various name and kind, where the family is merged or submerged, have failed. The cry has been, after trial of such expedients, Back to the home. Even partial domestic cooperation where the separate family has been maintained after a time has generally proved unprofitable. The economic basis for success in such undertakings has not yet been developed, though in time it may become a most profitable adjunct to domestic life. Such changes and reforms as are feasible will strengthen rather than destroy these separate homes.

There are imperfect homes of varying degrees. The illiterate, unintelligent housewife can pervade no place rightly to be called home. The woman whose interests are all outside the family must necessarily be an occasional inmate rather than a ruler and organizer. The house or apartment kept only for a show-place for the benefit of outsiders, has no right to the name. But these, though too common, are still exceptional. The average home, managed on enlightened principles, and based on old-fashioned, conscientious, unselfish devotion, is still the best institution that has been devised for the sheltering, rearing, and nurture, both spiritually and physically, of the family. It is a hard, material individualism that would destroy it.

The claim is, that the home has always been unprogressive, and still remains behind in completeness of organization and method. It is in too many respects a haphazard institution, conducted somewhat differently in each household. The innkeeper has been accused, perhaps with justice, of lack of initiative and creative power in her own sphere. But the home is not a machine, and never can be. It is the only institution that has remained more or less primitive because of its complexity and the varied wants,

tastes, appetites, to which it ministers. It is human and self-directing rather than material moved from without. In its finest results it shows how the direct human touch, oversight, and direction is superior in the molding of character to the most perfectly adjusted mechanism. In its more imperfect results it is still better than the hotel, the institution, the refuge, or the charitable shelter.

Aside from the mere physical ordering and direction of the house as a place to eat, and sleep, and mingle with the family, there is the far greater question of parental control and nurture that cannot be carried on in a crowd, and requires the privacy of the separate dwelling. If the home in its very existence were really threatened, those who act for the good of the community and the progress of civilization would be forced to band together for its maintenance. But the denouncers only speak for themselves and their restless, feverish ambitions. They show the trend of the age in a degree, but they do not touch the deep heart of womanhood and manhood pledged to maintain those institutions that lie at the base of all the higher agencies, the church, the school, the republic itself, and make for justice, honesty, private and public honor, purity, and peace.

NEW DECALOGUE FOR PARENTS.

Exhaustive investigation has proved it to be almost invariably the case that the home is directly responsible when girls and boys go wrong. The home need not necessarily be vicious to produce delinquency, but it is always failure in some respect where its children are concerned.

Mary B. Bartelme, judge of the girls' court of Chigo, declares the three "parental disgraces" as being indifference, overindulgence, and overseverity. Therefore, for parents in general, and particularly for parents who exemplify one or all of these "disgraces" in the rearing of their children, she has set forth a new decalogue. Its provisions have been thus briefly summarized.

1. Make the children wash the dishes, clean windows, sweep, scrub, make beds and do ordinary housework. Hard work will make them strong.

2. Open your homes to young men or boy friends of your daughters, and to the girl friends of your sons.

3. Coax your children's confidences. The girl who confides in her parents is scarcely liable to go wrong. Neither is the boy. No girl goes wrong unless some boy goes with her.

4. Take an interest in your children. Don't be the indifferent parent who doesn't know what the children are doing.

5. Don't be a greedy parent. The child who goes to work on a falsified age certificate very frequently turns out to be a thief. He starts his business life on a very foundation of dishonesty.

6. Don't let your girls go unescorted to summer parks, to skating rinks or to theatres.

7. Keep your girls pleasantly employed in the home. Lack of useful occupation often drives a girl to harmful pastimes.

8. Don't let your home be as are so many modern homes, mere places for the children to room, get their meals and turn in orders for new dresses, new suits and luxuries.

9. Help to get more police women. Aid in teaching the men who trap young girls to be afraid of the star on a woman's breast.

10. Help spread the English language among foreigners, and so protect the foreign girls in our midst. Urge the formation of legal employment bureaus, so that girls can be placed in good places with decent wages and their environment inspected.

AN INVOICE OF SELF.

Let's get inside you and snoop around and invoice a little while,
And see if it's doing you any good, this living year on year.
Let's find if you've changed for the better as the seasons marched in file;
If things once dear aren't cheaper, things once held cheap aren't dear.

One time you lived for what you could get of glory and praise and pelf;
Once you were even so small as to waste a thought on saving your soul.
But now, if you've grown, you've begun to see your neighbor as soon as yourself;
And now, if you've grown, you're too deep in the game to waste much thought on the goal.

The man you hated 10 years ago—don't you love him a bit today?
For haven't you learned his viewing point and found the fault in your own?
If occupations like these have busied you on the way,
This living you've done has not been vain—you've grown, my lad, you've grown. —Strickland Gillian.

For The Children.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

The Child's.

The policeman in the park is big and fierce and strong.
He stands upon the corner whenever I go by,
And looks right straight at me, just as if I'd done some wrong.
Oh, I'm very much afraid, although I can't tell why!

Once, when I was playing all alone beneath a tree,
He came so close to me that I couldn't help but cry.
When I'm a grown-up man, if he looks that way at me,
I'll walk close up to him, and I'll ask the reason why.

The Policeman's.

I like to watch the children who come here every day:
They look up sideways at me, then quickly hurry by;
And, when I come close to them, they always stop their play,—
They seem to be afraid, although I can't tell why.

Once I saw a little boy alone beneath a tree;
But, when I came to him, he at once began to cry.
I feared that he was lost, and only went to see.
Oh, they should not be afraid, for there's no reason why!
—Grace Wickham Curran, in Little Folks.

BILLIE FAIRFIELD'S PROMISE.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that

night, he said "Yes'm," promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted till he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs, and shouted, "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said, "Oh, dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"Oh, mother! I can't go away up there alone." Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby; and, if they waked him, baby would wake, too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said: "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone; but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took up the milk and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's ears were cold; but he had the milk-can in one hand, and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here tonight? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow without the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered. And Billie wished nobody would look at him.

" 'Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged, when they had started for home again.

The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not," said his mother. "The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again.

Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed; but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal-stove in the sitting-room. "I b'lieve I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

" 'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings tonight, so I shall mend them tomorrow when I was going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pduding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite dessert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word: that's all I want," Billie wuold smile, and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—A. M. L. Hawes, in Sunday School Times.

THE LEARNER.

Years and years ago, in the sixteenth century, a street in Italy was enlivened by the passing of a cardinal. As all wise children know, a cardinal is a kind of extraordinarily important minister, and in the days of this story cardinals were far more important than they are today.

As this particular cardinal walked through the streets, all the men took off their hats, and some of the women knelt in the road and asked him to give them his blessing. The cardinal responded kindly, and smiled as he passed on through a respectful people.

As he walked he met an old man with a particularly noble face; and when the old man did him reverence, he surprised those who watched by stopping to speak to to him.

"Whither goest thou?" asked he.

"My lord," was the respectful reply of the old man, "I go to the school of sculpture."

The cardinal smiled, to show he was interested in the answer. Then he asked again,—

"Wherefore goest thou to the school of sculpture?"

"My lord," was the reply of the noble old man, "I go to the school of sculpture to learn."

With that he bowed,, as one who waited the cardinal's permission to say farewell. Soon they had parted, and the old man went his way to the school of sculpture to learn.

Among those who watched and overheard was a mother with her boy, and when both the cardinal and the noble old man were out of earshot, the mother said,—

"Son of mine, didst thou hear what the old gentleman said?"

"I heard, mother of mine," answered the boy. "The noble old man said, 'I go to the school of sculpture to learn.' It seems to me strange that so old a man should want to learn."

"Child," said his mother, "it is even stranger than you think, for knowest thou not the name of the noble old gentleman? I see thou knowest not. His name is Michel Angelo."

"What!" said the boy, excitedly, "Michel Angelo, the great sculptor?"

His mother nodded.

"The sculptor," went on the boy, "who, father says, is the greatest sculptor Italy has ever seen; who is perhaps I heard him say, the greatest sculptor the world will ever see?"

"That is so," answered the boy's mother, gravely. "Michel Angelo, who goes to the school of sculpture to learn, is perhaps the greatest sculptor of all time; and, old as he is, he is still learning."

The boy was thoughtful for a time, and so much did he think that he even forgot to notice a working-man who was carrying about for sale two tame birds perched on an outstretched finger.

His mother noticed and smiled, for most mothers are rather happy when their boys are thinking. She smiled again when her boy spoke, for what do you think he said?

"Mother mine," said the boy, "if a noble and famous old gentleman like Michel Angelo still keeps on learning, I think I ought to work a little harder at my lessons."

Quickly the boy's mother looked serious.

"You are right, my son," she said, "and there is something more. Michel Angelo learnt much from a great servant of God whose name was Savonarola, and, though he is now very old, Michel Angelo is still learning to be good."—J. G. Stevenson, in the Christian World.

If the ends be glorious, all that befalls us in seeking them is glorious also.—Plato.

THE OPEN DOOR.

High up beneath the cobwebbed eaves,
At a close-barred window-pane,
A little bird in anxious fear
Beat quivering wings in vain.

Yet the bird was not a prisoner!
A humble door swung wide,
Leading to all the sunlit air
And the whole sweet country-side.

Would I could show you, little bird,
How freely you might go
Out to your life of swift-winged song,
If only you dared fly low!
—Grace M. Chapin, in Sunday-school Times.

A PROPHETIC POEM.

The following poem by Grace Fallow Norton was written before the outbreak of the war in Europe. It was entitled "To Crush the Butterfly."

Behold, armies are drawn
Out of the fertile lands;
They break their camps at break of dawn
And battle on the sands.

And souls are spilt like wine.
And none the reason knows
Save Greed, who lurks where souls resign
Their kinship to be foes.

Behold, great kings break plight,
Great teachers falsify;
Terrific powers of earth unite
To crush the butterfly!

Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Are the stars too distant? Pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet.—Margaret Fuller.

ACCURACY.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue:—
For though,—ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,—
It err but little from the intended line,
It falls at last far wide of his design;
So he who seeks a mansion in the sky
Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye.
That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.

Over their slaughtered children, one great cry
From either enemy;
From either host, thigh-deep in filth and shame,
One prayer, one and the same.
With Thee, with Thee, Lord God of Sabaoth,
It rests to answer both.
Out of the obscene seas of slaughter, hear,
From East and West one prayer:
"O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord!"

—Alfred Noyes.

A little yellow bird above,
A little yellow flower below;
The little bird can sing the love
That bird and blossom know;
The blossom has no song nor wing,
But breathes the love it cannot sing.

—John Bannister Tabb.

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